

## *Way to Amazonia 25*

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Some of the satisfied, but bored euro-sapphites decided to see what was on the other side of the river. They swam over, helped by a swarm of cuddly dolphins that had evidently undergone a certain training.

There wasn't much to see on the other side of the river, except --- mhm, it looked like potato fields. Potato fields?? And carrots and tapioca and --- but there were no huts, no houses, no paths, no shovels or wheelbarrows; nothing except those fields mixed with ordinary vegetation.

Tap, tap, tap. A knocking sound came from below their feet.

"Is there someone?"

Silence.

The promise of tasty vegetables all around.

One of the women grabbed what seemed to be the leaves of a carrot, and pulled. The carrot moved a bit, but then --- "Hey, it is pulling back!" she startled, and a fierce tug-of-war developed between the woman who was still holding the leaves, and the carrot that slid deeper into the fertile ground. It seemed like the vegetable was trying to pull the dyke down. Now the strong euro-sapphites' sporting honour was touched. All those brave XC-skiers, gown-or-tails dancers and other fitness lovers clung to the carrot leaves, trying to pull the thing out.

The carrot pulled back even more fiercely.

THUD. The carrot had given up its resistance, and all the sportswomen landed on their behinds.

Marlies was used to falling on her buttocks, because in the Netherlands, people are not too careful with bikers. So she picked herself up first, and said: "Now did this damned diss blow all the fuses in my mind, or are we faced with a carrot that does Judo??"

"Must be a new gene combination", said JAne, taking out her notepad and pencil for research.

A voice came from the direction of the carrot. "Hello!"

"WHAT?"

"I said hello, and you heard me. As Cacciari & Tabossi (1988) pointed out, 'hello' is an idiomatic expression in most cultures of the modern world, meaning 'lets see who we have here'. So come in and have some soup!"

Come in? Soup? The euro-sapphites moves towards the carrot slowly, carefully. Scary, but nice scary.

An appetizing smell of vegetable soup was coming from the little hole that the carrot had left in the ground. JAne crouched beside it with her notepad, ready to do her diss on mutant hero carrots. A finger came up thru the hole and made a come-hither movement.

"Who the heck are you?" said Marlies.

"We are the underground dykes," said the pleasant, earthy voice from below. "Some of us were closet dykes, some lurkers, and some of us were doing math under the bedcover all the time. But most of us just decided that we would prefer a calm, cosy underground life. So we started digging ourselves in, and now we have a whole system of mole tunnels, meeting caves and individual caves. Some of us are constantly moving on, making new tunnels; some stay in one place all their lives and some even grow roots under their soles. Under most cities and lands of this planet, underground dykes are leading quite a pleasant life nowadays. Those who prefer mundane activities, dig themselves into cellar discos and dance all night. Others come close to shores and do scuba diving. We had a Chunnel even before the British and French came up with that stupid word. We cultivate everything that can be harvested from below. Now come in and have some dinner!"

Some of the euro-sapphites ran off at amazing speed. JAne sat there and mused; wondering about underground genes. johannah picked at the surface with her finger tips: A new civilisation?